

SUPER-CONFIDENT JOLT WYCOMBE

OXFORD

Oxford City 3;
Wycombe Wanderers 1.

PROFESSOR Anthony Britnell, right-wing Oxford soccer Don (first-class honours in ball control, distribution and general soccer eggheadedness) was the scourge of Wycombe Wanderers on Tuesday night, in one of the most brilliant displays of Isthmian League football the Wanderers have met in many a season.

Super-confident City started where they left off on Wycombe's last visit to Oxford. "This is where we came in sighed Wycombe fans as the precision-passing home forwards swept relentlessly towards Dennis Syrett.

The Wycombe defence was given a real "going over." Captain Jimmy Moring had the hopeless task of trying to check the scintillating Britnell while centre-half John Fisher needed winged feet to keep up with Arthur Howlett, the Oxford whippet, surely the fastest No. 9 in the Isthmian League!

NO DISGRACE

It was certainly no disgrace to be beaten by such a great side and adds to Wycombe's everlasting credit that wobble though they sometimes did under the intense pressure, they never collapsed.

Indeed, in the final quarter-of-an-hour, it was the Wanderers' turn to demonstrate that they, too, know something about approach work.

At least two Wycombe men will remember this game with mixed feelings—Gerald Free and Dennis Syrett.

It was young Free, still feeling his way in big-time amateur soccer, who had Oxford fans breathing apprehension when, in the 20th minute, he ran on to a Peter James pass and left Honey standing with a classically

calm first-timer.

Luckless Syrett will have different memories. In the 30th minute a pink-faced Dennis had to pick the ball out of the Wycombe net after allowing Harris's shot to trickle absurdly through his legs.

Wycombe, fantastically level at half-time — after Oxford had squandered their chances — ran into trouble almost as soon as the second period began.

It was Britnell, moving smoothly into goal, who made the score 2-1 to Oxford and it was Britnell who swept over the centre which Howlett headed beautifully into goal for Oxford's number three.

Howson, Truett and Trott were all on target as Wanderers tried to remedy their hopeless position and Paul Bates' elegant footwork tangled up the City defence more than once.

A grand game ended with Oxford very much the "guy-nors."